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FROM OUT THE SHADOWS

BY

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CHAPTER I.

The spring day was bright with golden sunlight, balmy with soft breezes, sweet with the scent of flowers.

With her hand upon the big gate, Eva Marston paused. She glanced a little timidly at the great, rambling, gray old house that was something gloomy, almost weird, about it, with its dark mass of trees for shelter, for a background and the giant oaks casting their shadows over the lawn. It was a dull, heart receiving the old home of the little mistress, her love of solitude, her distike of visitors, returned with instant vividness to Eva's mind. She half turned to go away again.

"What is the matter, mamma? Why do you not open the gate?" asked little Eva.

Eva turned, pushed open the gate and entered, closing it carefully after her.

"It's nothing, darling! Come, what is that?"

A little to the right of the walk, hardly two feet from them, stood a boy about Dicky's age. He was apparently surprised. His huge head was sunk between humped shoulders, his limbs were misshapen, his arms were abnormally long. The sleeve, pinned to his breast, showed that one hand, the long, straight, inky-black hair fell over the low brow; his eyes, such shadowed, unchildish eyes, were fixed, half curiously, half sullenly upon the visitors.

Sapolio. "If anything could be better," said a cook of conspicuous style over Eve's cooking, "Sapolio would do it."

"Dicky!" she whispered, "what is the matter with you? Why don't you speak to the little lady?"

"Dicky, indeed! Shall not I be her mistress, as a matter of course?" she said, with a little air.

"Dick has been making friends with your little boy," said Eva, faltering, as if—I hope that they will like each other and become playmates."

"Playmates!" exclaimed Eva, with involuntary compassion, "how lonely, how sad his life must be. Then she added, confusedly, "I beg your pardon."

"It would well nigh break his heart if he knowsd he was a pauper on the county."

A faint, cold smile touched Alice Rutherford's lips.

"You cannot expect his life to be this that of other children," she said, with a gesture intended him from his birth."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Eva, reproachfully, "how can you say that? There was no tenderness in the look she bent upon Philip. Eva, in the first sudden instinct of pity, had felt a strong, full shocked, repulsed. The boy's affection would have made him but dearer and he been her child.

"Come, let us go to the house," said Mrs. Rutherford, turning toward Eva. "You have not seen my husband, Mrs. Marston?"

Philip watched her with a vague wonder growing in his somber eyes. He clenched his fists, his face—like hands with rage and his breath came pantingly. He hated the pretty boy with the fair face, the honest blue eyes and strong, straight body. No one had ever hated like this before. He was not a boy for; no one had ever said to him, "I am very, very sorry for you, Philip," but at last memory he hated Dick as he had never hated anything or anybody in his short life before. He hardly understood the feelings which thrilled him, but the barren years of his life had been filled with a sense of deprivation. He had not known the name hatred which causes the whole being to thrill, when mortally wounded, to hide himself in the depths of the forest, that the bleeding body may die alone and no one upon him in the extremity of his death-struggle.

For one moment Mrs. Rutherford turned her eyes upon Philip's face.

"I must reprimand you upon your boy," she said. "He is all that a mother could desire in her child."

"Dick has been making friends with your little boy," said Eva, faltering, as if—I hope that they will like each other and become playmates."

"Playmates!" exclaimed Eva, with involuntary compassion, "how lonely, how sad his life must be. Then she added, confusedly, "I beg your pardon."

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FROM OUT THE SHADOWS.

(Continued from first page.)

CHAPTER III.

A June day autumn years later.

Upon the veranda, which extended the entire length of the front of the large, old-fashioned country residence, Mrs. Richard Phillip Rutherford, the young and beautiful mistress of the house, sat upon a rather vaguely supplicating throne. The cushioned chair of wicker appeared to fascinate the debonair man, who, with a gentle push, had placed it there for her.

Upon the steps, at the veranda's edge, sat Mrs. Rutherford's mother, and the only daughter of the house. Then, with a smile upon his face, Richard Phillip Rutherford, the husband.

"Don't take it charming day, Phillip?" he said. June is perfection of seasons. The air is full of the perfume of roses. What more could be desired?"

He reclined his handsome head back against the cushion of the chair upon which slumbered about it, seemed unconsciously against his blonde hair. Even the sweet June roses seemed to love Richard Phillip Rutherford. But the beauty of that June day was almost obliterated by the shadow of Nature's perfection and sweetness. Richard tried to think him. He tried the said, the weather, and the sweetness of the whole world.

"Where is the house, Richard?" he said, "I notice that you missed to make on it."

Richard sighed and sighed a little.

"He was in the field a-ploughin' corn, when Mary Ann and Corry Ann's little boys ran by, and Corry Ann's little boy said that Mary Ann's little boy had a new pair of pants. All of a sudden I felt a queer feeling in my stomach that I never had felt before since. He called to Will and he helped me home. I got in bed and I was sick. Will was playing on the lawn with a little white dog that Mary Ann's boy had. He was sick, and when the little dog came because she licked his face, and he died."

Richard's voice was full of the most unbearable future of the past. It was hard to understand him, for he was full of the lacerating lumps choked.

"Mary Ann's boy came out and took my head on her breast," continued the old man, "and she said that I was sick, and my father and mother were dead, and I was a great blackness shut out Mary's face from me, and I was sick. I was sick for out of the long illness that followed they took my father and mother. Mary Ann. When troubles cast beam come some-times they come in bunches. Mary Ann's boy died. Will, he was sick with the fever. Will, he was sick with the fever. Will grave when his wife was tak down with the fever. Will, he was sick with the fever. Will, he was sick with the fever. Will, he was sick

DANDY DOGS.

Ledouble of Paris, Is the Great Canine Tailor Who Fits Smart Dogs to Their Shoes.

It is no light or inexpensive experiment for a woman to keep a pet dog in this day of canine rights and luxuries. If you pretend to own one of those cosy, gentle, little beasts, that can be carried about in a muff and cuddled under one arm, maintain him in the best style or don't keep him at all.

That is supply him with plenty of handsome clothes, with his diet your most careful attention and, at least once a week, let him rejoice in the attentions of a dog barber, who comes to the house and who has canine lore and fashions at his finger tips.

Of course this is going to cost, because in the first place every truly well costumed dog gets his clothes directly from Paris. Ledouble, on the Boulevard Haussman, does for Fido the same philanthropic work that Worth, Paquin, or Rouff do for his mistress. He makes the smartest coats, dearest little morning suits, mackintoshes and calling blankets that are only a portion of what constitutes at present a complete dog wardrobe.

He will do even more than make single garments, for many a woman who has come home this season, her own trunks bursting with spoils from the French capital, has actually to show a complete trousseau for her new Belgian Griffon, Carline or Yorkshire terrier, purchased for a considerable sum at the Parisian kennels. Almost as often as she went to her own milliner and modiste for tryings on Fido was carried along to be fitted and measured at Ledouble's.

A PROPER WARDROBE.

The result of so much comical extravagance is usually a small odd looking trunk, in which the dog's belongings are packed, but which at home, by an ingenious device of hinges and springs, opens into a armoir, to contain the complete suits. Everything is not to be found within the armoir that could possibly cater to Fido's need. His combs, brushes, curling togs, monogram towels and bottles of perfume occupy one compartment. In another are the neglige suit, downy, silk night dresses, with frou frou pierrot frills circling the neck, a wadded silk dressing gown to wear

THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

about his mistress' room early in the morning and then a half-dozen house blankets, appropriately embroidered, to be worn with collars of lace.

Indoors no name-collar is used and ribbon neck-fixings are absolutely tabooed. On the morning when Fido is to have his weekly toilet the barber, or coiffeur, arrives and in a roomy porcelain tub the little brute is gently bathed with tepid water and suds of castile soap. Then he is dried, laid out on his cushions and massaged with a delicately perfumed unguent. The effect of this is considered excellent for his hair and it depends on the wishes of his mistress and the type of fleece the animal possesses just how his hair shall be shaved or dressed.

IN THE HANDS OF THE BARBER.

The lainches, or French poodles, are now sheared a la zouave. That is with big trousers of hair left on their legs and only small portions of the body clipped clean, while the King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, the Yorkshire terriers and griffons are crimped. As a matter of fact the long haired dogs are regularly onduled while the others are creped and then the pretty demure Yorkshires have their heads dressed a la Cleo de Merode.

All the long hair is parted down the front of the head, carried back over the eyes and tied, with a soft bow at the back of the neck. Nothing more silken and glossy than the bodies of these dogs can be imagined after they have been thoroughly massaged. Given the treatment from earliest puppyhood their hides and fleeces are as soft as those of moles, but the perfumed unguent and tepid water make them absurdly sensitive to chills.

It is really for this reason that these sweet smelling little puff balls are obliged to sleep in night dress, spend their days in blankets and take their walks in the heaviest cloaks, snuggled up as well in their owner's muffs. For street wear none of these luxuries beauties pretend to exploit name-collars. Sometimes a necklace of bells is used, but the proper walking suit is checked Scotch cheviot coat, with a turn-over collar, buttoned down the front and further held in place by a vast cheviot girdle, fastened with one big silver button. On the girdle is a set a small pocket, which holds the dog's card, bearing his name and address, and his car fare.

FOR WET WEATHER AND TENDER FEET.

Some dogs, just home from Ledouble's shown a tiny watch in a case on their girdles and a buttonhole for a boutonniere on the wide coat collar. On rainy days a change is inaugurated and a pretty waterproof cloak, with hood, takes the place of a walking coat, while for traveling, an entirely different toilet is de rigeur. Only on this occasion is a leather name-collar worn and a good-sized pocket made into one side of the coat, to hold a ticket, a pocket handkerchief and a tiny vinagrette.

The absurdities do not, however, end here for in addition to so much elegance the dog of the period, if he is a Carlin or a Bedlington, wears shoes. His feet are tender, poor Fido! so in the house he patters about in cunning velvet pantoufles, trimmed with fur, outdoors in bits of soft brown suede patterns and on wet days in rubber overshoes.

A CANINE BRIDAL.

Now undoubtedly there are gentle-hearted humanitarians who imagine that a suffering dignity and oppressed canine heart is to be found beneath all this millinery magnificence, but greater dandies never existed than these be-petticoated little lap dogs, who take a distinct pleasure in their toilets and relish the various daily changes of costume. At a wedding, recently solemnized in New York, the bride would have no other attendants than her two terriers, one a fox and the other a Scotch wire-haired doggie, attired in the complete costumes of bridesmaid and usher.

The little maid, in a white satin coat with open veil and orange blossoms, accompanied by the tiny usher in broadcloth, trotted complacently after the bride down the long drawing-room, drew up solemnly to one side when the ceremony proceeded and cocked their ears reproachfully at the few frivolous wedding guests who would giggle. Throughout the entire reception that followed no romping was indulged in by the queer little couple and dismal wails of disgust greeted the act of disrobing, when the festivities were over and traveling coats had to be assumed.

With dogs of high degree, as with folks of royal blood, over-much luxury of living is a matter of education and these pets of the muff and arm-chair would wither of bronchitis and perish of hunger were they not given chicken wings and Vichy for dinner, allowed to sleep in tufted baskets and loaded with attentions and caresses that would choke a mastiff and overwhelm a Newfoundland.

MILLICENT ARROWPOINT.

No. 1 No. 2 No. 3

Smart costumes.

No. 1 No. 2 No. 3

Styles of hair dressing.

Accidentally Imported.

Lovers of natural history should remember that the docks of any large seaport town form delightful hunting grounds. Quantities of living sheep, insects, plants, etc., are constantly being brought in with discharged cargoes. Insect larvae and pupae, fungi, foreign plants and seeds, insects, worms and other parasites are found in fruit, timber, and such like importations.

Jones—A strange thing a man out in Arizona ate a piece of bologna sausage and committed suicide in an hour after.

McGill (slightly in doubt)—There must be a woman in it.

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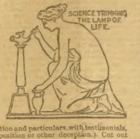

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Gingham in Favor.

Gingham is reveling in a return to popular favor. It is largely used in the manufacture of shirt waists, having been found more serviceable than linen, percale or batiste and being quite as pretty. It comes in all sorts of plaids and stripes, and is thus in keeping with the general taste in patterns.

A child's dress of striped blue gingham may be made quite dressy with the aid of embroidery. The pattern is a blouse waist with short skirt. The neck is cut out low in an octagonal design and bordered with a band of insertion, with a bit of embroidery at the lower edge.

A white mull guimpe fills in the neck, but the sleeves are short puffs, with a band of insertion as a finish. On a hot day the guimpe may be removed and the dress is almost as cool as dimity and much more serviceable. THE LATEST.

Gossip About Rings.

The ring of Canace, daughter of Cambuscan, King of Tartary, was supposed to enable the wearer to understand the language of every kind of bird, and the medicinal virtue of every kind of plant and herb.

A wedding ring is symbolical of the perfect oneness of man and wife, and also of the endlessness and perpetuity of wedded love.

The third finger of the left hand was chosen as the wedding-ring finger because the left hand is not so much used as the right, and the third finger is most protected by the others, so that the ring has less risk or damage then if it were worn on any other finger, or on the right hand.

A wedding ring is not used in the marriage ceremony of members of the Society of Friends, although many Quaker ladies wear one habitually after their marriage.

A betrothal ring is thought of so much importance in Russia that if the bride-groom-elect is too poor to find the usual silver ring set with tourquoises he gives one of tin set with any bit of blue stone. These rings are never used twice, but are kept as heirlooms. The bride-elect gives her lover a lock of her hair, cut off in the presence of witnesses, and he gives her an almond cake, bread and salt.

In olden days it was a common custom to carve or engrave a death's head and cross-bones on finger rings, especially on mourning rings. Upon the occasion when Colin Earle, of Balcarres, was being married to Maurita de Nassau, he had forgotten the wedding ring. A friend lent him a ring, and without looking at it, he duly put it on the finger of his bride. At the close the ceremony she noticed that it was a mourning ring, engraved with the death's head and cross-bones, whereupon she swooned away, and, when she recovered, declared that she would die within the year. Unhappily, the prediction was fulfilled, no doubt owing to the unlucky incident constantly preying on her nerves.

The death's head rings were no doubt due in the first place to the grim, ascetic religious notions of old times, when "memento mori" was essentially in harmony with the gloomy spirit of the times. In a will, made in 1648, the following clause appears: "Also I do will and appoint ten rings of gold to be made of the value of twenty shillings apiece sterling, with a death's head upon some of them."

Natural Screw Propellers.

The seeds of the ash, sycamore, and maple are provided with queer twisted wings, so that when they are blown off their stalks by March gales the action of the air on these screw-like appendages gives them a revolving motion, which carries them a much greater distance than they would otherwise have traveled.

In India the rhododendron grows to a height of 30 feet. Marigolds and camomiles in North Africa reach a height of four or five feet.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Incased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat—
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's kite."

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To pull all order down;
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Within their tiny clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdy hold they grasp?

Ah, blessing on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone;
And blessing on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."

—New York Weekly.

BEAUTY HINTS.

Bits of Seasonable Advice Regarding the Preservation of a Fine Skin and Handsome Face.

A woman whose otherwise fine complexion is marred by distended open pores, should be very careful to refrain from the use of hot water for her ablutions, and also the too continual use of cold cream. Use cold water rather, and apply the following simple lotion every night after washing your face; this will brace the skin and help to close the relaxed pores: Hazeline, two drachms, simple tincture of benzoin, one and a half drachms; elder-flower water four ounces.

Young women who covet fair skins are neglecting their ends if they fail to eat fruit at this season of the year. Nothing so purifies the system as a fruit diet, and nothing is so agreeable and effectual a tonic just now. The good results are seen almost immediately in a clearer softer skin, a more healthy glow, and brighter eyes. Where possible berries should form a large portion of the daily food. Pineapple is also another excellent fruit for the complexion when eaten shredded, and not in large lumps.

Lettuce, asparagus, water-cress, spinach and tomatoes are all valuable aids in attaining a good skin and a clear color. No dinner should be completed without a green salad.

To prevent the dampness of the hands so disagreeable and so ruinous to gloves, soak them two or three times a day in alum and water, allowing a dessert spoonful of powdered alum to a pint of tepid water. A carbolic soap is very good for ablutions, and rub the palms of the hands after washing at bedtime with a little belladona liniment, taking care, however, that the liniment does not touch the linen, as it will cause a stain. To prevent this, it would be advisable to wear a loose pair of gloves with a few small holes pricked in the palms. Powder your gloves before puting them on in the day with boracic acid powder. Excessive perspiration often arises from weakness, and in such cases, it greatly helps matters to take a tonic.

The following lotion used regularly three times a week is pretty sure to arrest the falling out of the hair: Tincture of nux-vomica, one dracm; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; rosemary spirit, one ounce; rose-water four ounces.

After the hair has ceased to fall following an illness, it is sometimes very slow in becoming thick and strong again. The following prescription will be found a most valuable aid under such conditions: Tincture of quinine, two dracms; tincture of cantharides, half an ounce; castor oil, one and a half drachms; bay rum six ounces. Shake well before using. The castor oil is one of the most essential ingredients, and used in so small a quantity, the odor is scarcely noticeable; but if one is very sensitive to this she must be careful to obtain one of the odorless brands.

Where premature greyness is threatened, caused by illness, grief, or a dry scalp, have the following lotion made up, and use it two or three times a week; divide the hair and apply it to the roots with a small sponge. Dissolve half a drachm of crushed sulphur of iron in six ounces of bay rum, and after letting it stand for a day strain off the clear portions into a bottle containing half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, two drachms of tincture of jaborandi. This is not a dye and can be used without injury. If the trouble is in any way caused by a run down condition of the system, a tonic in which iron is the principal ingredient will do much towards arresting the tendency to grayness.

If you will persist in darkening your eyebrows no preparation is more harmless and efficacious than the following: Almond oil, three quarters of an ounce; nugalls, a quarter of an ounce; ammonia salt, a quarter of a drachm; mix and add six drops of vinegar. Apply very carefully with a fine camel's hair brush.

Desk Accessories Are in Bronze.

The woman whose desk was fitted out last year with a gleaming array of silver accessories must discard them all this season if she wishes to be strictly up to date. If she has money in plenty her desk furnishings must be in bronze. This is the very latest fashion. Her ink bottle will be of cut glass and bronze. She will have a bronze penholder as well as a calendar framed in bronze, and a bronze pen tray and stamp box. The large blotter which rests on her desk should also have its corners capped with bronze. These bronze desk fitments give to her desk an air of elegance that it never knew when Dresden china and silver accessories were the fashion.

Desk novelties of polished old brass in the Flemish design are also in vogue this season.

Then there are the less expensive desk outfits in leather mounted with silver. These outfits may be brought in sets consisting of twelve pieces. They vary in price from $15 to $60. The leather sets come in a variety of colors and they must always blend with the predominating color tint of the room. In a pinkish clover shade they are effective. In the newest sets the silver mounting consists merely in a tiny band of silver on each article, upon which the owner's monogram or initials are engraved.

In writing paper the quality which will be most used by women of fashion is the heavy vellum finish, and the two shades which will be most in vogue this coming season are delicate heliotrope and faint azure. No woman of refinement will use stationery in any of the conspicuous colors. White paper is at all times the best form.

The square envelope is going out of fashion. The newest envelope is oblong in shape and made with a very deep flap. The paper is shaped to correspond with the envelope, and folds but once.

All the metallic colors will be in favor for stamping monograms, crests and addresses. Blue bronze, silver and green will be the three colors most in demand.

Women should remember that they have no right to have their individual stationery stamped with their husband's crest. That is his exclusive property. However, a married woman has a perfect right to use her husband's coat of arms. If she likes she may have it impaled with the coat of arms of her own family as the decoration of her writing paper.

A Mirthless Woman.

"So you wish a divorce, eh?" inquired an Arkansas attorney, addressing a prospective client, a gangling, slab-sided gentleman, whose battered head was swathed in bandages, and whose expression was one of woe. "Upon what grounds, Mr. Peavy?"

"Bureus I can't live no longer with a woman that haint got no sense of humor," was the reply. "Blame it all, squire, my wife can't take a joke no mo' than a buzz-saw!"

"But, my dear sir, a lack of appreciation of humor is not sufficient grounds for suing for a divorce. If it were—er-h'm! You will have to produce something more serious than that, Friend Peavy, if you—"

"Mo' serious than that! Why, dad-fetch it, squire, it comes mighty near bein' the death uv me! If that haint enough, I'd like to know what yo' want her to do to me anyhow? I jest got off a little joke on her, an' blamed if she didn't flare up an' come pow'ful near murderin' me in cold blood—that's what she done! I expected her to laugh, but if she did I sawter failed to notice it. She jumped right out uv bed grabbed up the first blamed weapon that come handy—believe it was the table leg that got broke off last week an' which I'd kinder forgot to nail on again—and' hit me a sog with it that like to have broke my fool skull then an' thar, an' then she run me all around through the house an' out across the lot an' round an' round through the timber for mighty near an hour, smashin' me over the head every time she got near enough; that's what the lady done! Believe to my soul she'd have killed me dead if I hadn't finally plunged into the creek an' swam across to safety an' got my wounds sawter patched up at a neighbor's! That's the kind of a woman she is; tried to murder her own husband just on account of a joke."

"H'm! What was the nature of the joke, Mr. Peavey?"

"Why, all in the livin' world that I done was to put a few live bull-frogs in the bed an' waited for her to sawter jump when she felt their cold feet scrabblin' over her, an' then laugh. She jumped all right enough, an' I laughed, an' then it all happened. Squire, that thar woman haint got no mo' humor in her composition than a grindstone!"

Beware of the Half-Low Bodices.

The half-low-cut bodice is being welcomed by those who delight in change.

The fiat having gone forth that the throat is to be unswathed, stocks and collars are being tossed aside and the coming autumn and winter promise a universal display of bared throats.

Like every other fashion, it will be adopted by many to whom it is hideously unbecoming—those, for example, who will ignore the fact that age does wither the space between chin and breast.

A clever fashion writer once said, and said truly, that every inch taken from the neckband of a street costume detracted by so much from the dignity of the wearer.

A half-low bodice when worn with a hat should be most carefully considered as to effect. However beautiful the neck, the owner's whole appearance will be unpleasantly affected if she wear a large hat with nothing at bust line or shoulder to balance the hat.

The boa is universally becoming, as have been the ribbon bows and fine frills, worn at the back of the neck, because they balance the various structures, big and little, that women put on their heads.

Indoors and hatless the owner of a pretty throat can most becomingly display it.—Vogue.

The Legend of the Arbutus.

[From a paper read before the American Folk-Lore Society by Hon C. E. Belknap, of Michigan.]

On the south shore of Lake Superior, in the vicinity of the pictured rocks, grows to perfection the dearest and sweetest of all wild-flowers, the arbutus—the plant that all the most skilful florists, the plant that the tender, loving touch of woman, even, cannot cause to grow in hothouse or garden.

There are two things that the learned white man does not understand—the Indian and the arbutus. From time to time, sitting by the camp-fires in the evening, I have been told of the creation of many animals and birds by the great Mannaboosho and his captains, the Manitos, and this is the legend, as told me, of the origin or creation of the arbutus.

It was many, many moons ago, that there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a frozen stream in the forest. His locks and beard were long and white with age; he was heavily clad in fine furs, for all the world was winter—snow and ice everywhere. The winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, chasing evil spirits o'er hill and vale, and the old man went about searching in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge.

In despair he returned to the lodge, and sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Mannaboosho that he might not perish.

And the wind blew aside the door of the lodge, and there came in a most beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red and made of wild roses, her eyes were large, and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night; her hair was long and black as the ravens, and it touched the ground as she walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds; her bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers, and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns and her moccasins were white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you. My lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night."

"But tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come, sit here and tell me of thy country and thy victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito."

He then filled two pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said: "I am Manito, I blow my breath and the waters of the river stand still."

The maiden said: "I breathe and flowers spring up in all the plains."

The old man said: "I shake my locks, and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said: "When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees at my command; the animals hide in their holes in the ground, and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said: "When I walk about the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing; there is music everywhere." And thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept.

Then the sun came back, and a blue-bird came to the top of the lodge and called, "Say-ee, say-ee! I am thirsty!" And the river called back, "I am free, come and drink!"

And as the old man slept the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small. Streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves, and then the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious flowers and hid them all about under the leaves. Then she breathed upon them and said: "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

The Feast of Dolls.

In that land of feasts and festivals—Japan—the most popular one with the children is the feast of dolls, which takes place in the month of February. It perhaps answers to our St. Valentine festivities.

The fun lasts for three days, and if little Miss Japan's father and mother, and grandfather and grandmother, have laid up in store for this occasion, dolls by the hundreds are brought forth to celebrate the feast, and many of the dolls are years and years old—hundreds of years even, for every doll that enters a Japanese home is treasured and kept for this great day.

The best room in the house is chosen; here shelves covered with rich silken hangings, gay in color, are arranged, perhaps five or six shelves, extending the length of one side of the room.

The principal dolls are the emperor and empress of Japan, or two dolls dressed to represent these august personages in their court attire. Everything centers about them; dolls to represent maids of honor, courtiers and statesmen, each in appropriate dress, are ranged next in order.

Everything which their imperial majesties can possibly need in the way of household furniture is represented in miniature; silver cups, bowls and rice buckets, on lacquered trays, are placed before the emperor and empress, and each day the little child for whom this festival is prepared fills the dishes with the different kinds of food used in a Japanese household—rice, fruits, nuts and cake, or sweet wine.

Besides the table service, everything which an imperial doll can be expected to need is seen—lacquered palanquins, funny, hood-shaped bullock carts, fire boxes, charcoal baskets and tongs. Nor is the toilet table and its accessories forgotten—there are combs, brushes, mirrors, utensils for blackening the teeth, for reddening the lips and whitening the face.

At the end of the feast the dolls are packed away for another year, except two or three, which are left out for daily use.

And There Are Others.

"My voice is still for war," shouted the impassioned orator. "How about the rest of you?" yelled a sarcastic bystander.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Boys' Watch, Chain and Charm for selling packages and Girls' Watch and Chatelaine Pin for selling packages SAWYER'S BEST BLUE CRYSTALS among your friends and neighbors. Each package makes a quart of best LIQUID BLUE. Price 10 cents. Send your name and address to us and we will send the blue, express paid. When sold send us the money and we will send the Watch free by mail.

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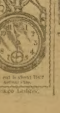

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A

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has been curing all forms of blood diseases—scrofula, eczema, tetter, rheumatism, erysipelas, blood poisoning, etc. There's a book about these cures—"Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured," —which is sent free on request, by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. The book will interest you if you are sick or weak, because it tells not what it is claimed the remedy will do, but what your neighbors and fellows testify that it has done. Will it cure you? It has cured thousands like you. Why not you?

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

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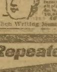

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The average life of women in France during the last thirty-two years has been thirty-eight years, and of men thirty-six years.

It is being demonstrated that love of country is stronger than love of gold. The road rush to the gold fields has been checked by the patriotic cry of "On to Cuba!"

Do not be all sugar, or the world will suck you to the bottom; be all salt, or the world will spit you out. The world is not to change; only blockheads go to extremes. Be sweet, but not be all sour or all sand, all iron or all wax.

Reports received from the printing houses and manufacturers do not indicate that the effect of the war upon the trade was the trade throughout the west. Northwestern houses, and the jobbing houses of all the great cities were crowded with buyers last week.

A successful business man says that the way for a young man to get ahead is to interest friends in influence in his behalf, and to make a good impression by his mouth shut; third, observing; fourth, to be polite to all; fifth, to be a temperate drink; sixth, to work for less than the market price.

Doctor Dan, the Pirate's sobriquet says that the ingenious Chilean of Pan-Am fame "peddled medicine in the fall fashion of a pirate in such a way that we do not think a person can be cured by mind note. A flock of doves engaged in this service would be a novel sight even in coming and going from their cots.

Napoleon remarked that "when China is moved, it will change the face of the world." He might have said that when Cuba is moved, that, as the result of the movement, the face of the world will change. England and France, China and Russia will be moved "from the face of the land" more in the way that will "preserve" them, than the face of the globe will indeed be changed.

"Presented to J. W. Goethe, the Prince of Poets." So reads the inscription recently on the pedestal of an old clock that had been presented to Goethe by the duke at a public auction. The lucky purchaser, if it be in the possession of any one, will find the inscription far more than the 5th worth of gold which was found in the pedestal at the manufacture of the clock. At all events, one will say that the clock is worth full value for his outlay of five dollars.

If newspaper reports are true, a Paris physician has made a discovery that will be of immense benefit to the electrical man who are so unfortunate as to be burned by the electric current. The new doctor says that a solution of one part of picric acid and one hundred parts of water will cure quickly the most serious burns. The solution may be applied without blistering or irritation, and the wounds heal so fast that, as the doc. puts it, how fast it left on the skin, which may be followed by a solution of boric acid.

What is a "torpedo-boat destroyer?" Some claim it to be a boat to fight the fight ants torpedoes, and this destroyer larger would be a boat to destroy the ships in the line-of-battle ocean, that would be destroyed by the torpedo-boats. Many of the ships have the right notion that they are designed to destroy ships and torpedo-boats, for which purpose they are equipped with deck-guns of from 6 to 8 inches long range. They also have torpedo-boats of their own class. In the class of torpedo-boats the torpedo-boat destroyer fights with guns. Some of the torpedo-boat destroyers are the fastest vessels ever made.

THE DRUNKARD'S BARGAIN.

There is more than one drunkard. There's my clothing, and food and fire of my family, children—are used to drunk. There's the alienation of the family and the peace of the family—are used to drunk. There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, how I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and how I have robbed from the shopkeeper—are used to drunk. Four or five drinks, and per month, I will pay for it. There's my health of body and peace of mind, there's my character as a man and gentleman as a Christian; I give up and give me drunk; more yet I have to give. There's my heavenly inheritance, and the eternal friendship of the saints of God; there is all hope of salvation; I give up my savior! I give up God! I give up all that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign all forever, that I may be drunk.

I KISSED THE COOK

BY JAMES COURTNEY CHALLIS.

I kissed the cook—ah, me, what madness!
Cheeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red as cherries.
Ah!
Long curves with a lure,
A coy air white as snow—
Oh, my! for tempting; so I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook—I'll tell you how I kissed the cook.
Ah!
I kissed the cook—yes, helpless little kiss
Upon her cheek, and then I ran away.
She threw me back a look
So fierce and cold you know,
My blood froze in my veins, I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook. I might have seen more than that.
Ah!
But then I guess it wasn't very wrong,
For I'm single, and she is single, too.
The cook's my wife, to-day,
So I'd a right, you see, to kiss the cook.

—What to Eat.

WHERE BIG GUNS ARE MADE.

A Mammoth Enterprise That Has Been Created Within Two Years.

(Copyright, 1897, by S. S. McClure Co.)

There is no more interesting place in the area of the old Washington navy yard, and that is saying much, than the suite of buildings which, within the last two years, from the navy department, startle the visitor by their size and air of solidity. The model birth-place of its kind, and a monument to the energy, the skill, the patriotism and the indomitable pluck and perseverance and integrity of American labor.

Here is a mammoth enterprise—what the United States has accomplished in modern times in the way of ordnance. To understand it you must know the history of this great plant, its beginnings, its growth, its present magnificent scope in its perfect equipment, and the wonderful results that have been and are being accomplished. Two years ago this was a vacant, bare piece, brush-hauling the in the rear of the old navy yard, and the ground occupied by our growing navy in machinery, guns and ordnance. Now it is a busy, buzzing, throbbing factory, and one of the finest in everything pertaining to modern machinery and tools that can be had in the world. If not the finest, it is the most complete, and it has cost the government, if not the most money of the nation, we had its quite capable of doing the work that is done in any other plant.

The old mill shop was made in the right wing of the old navy yard, and there was constructed the Chicago, the Boston, the Atlanta and the Dolphin, and there was laid the foundation of a modern and efficient navy. Then there was the old ordnance building, which we did not have, and as these ships were completed, the guns and ammunition for their armament had become a necessity. Then the old mill shop was found inadequate for the work, and the old ordnance building, which was not new, and as the navy spring of 1896 was upon us, the necessity of building and equipping has progressed with such rapidity that it is wonderful, that there should be no interruption in the manufacturing of guns.

MONSTER GUNS ON EVERY SIDE.

Here and there and everywhere you look, you gather or other one of the guns for different purposes, from the 13-inch monsters down to the smaller calibers, and the visitor is struck with the fact that the navy is preparing for war. Here are the big guns for the battleships, and there are the rapid-fire guns for the cruisers, and there are the guns for the protected cruisers, and there are the guns for the gunboats, and there are the guns for the torpedo-boat destroyers, and there are the guns for the coast defenses, and there are the guns for the auxiliary vessels, and there are the guns for the revenue cutters, and there are the guns for the marine corps, and there are the guns for the militia, and there are the guns for the naval reserves, and there are the guns for the naval militia, and there are the guns for the naval militia, and there are the guns for the naval militia

BLACK DAVY

OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM.

By JOHN R. MUSICK.

("Black Davy" was commenced in No. 14. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price 5 cents each.)

SYNOPSIS.

[A mysterious murder and robbery is committed in Red Earth, a mining and hunting town, the victim being a wealthy capitalist, William Martin. It is supposed the criminal is Black Davy, a half-breed Indian, who has also disappeared since the mystery became known. Blair Joe, as a precaution, has left town with his daughter, and his lover, Jeff Hamlin, the hunter. Her brother, Joe Martin, joins in the search, together with Red Hall, the sheriff, and Jacob Meeks, partner in the mines.]

CHAPTER XV.

A FAINT CLEW.

Even Daddy Dick could not repress a shudder when he discovered that no sound came back to the cause of falling stone. The sound was lost in the vast distance which the stone had to fall. Dick was struck and the negro trembled with an awful dread.

Their third stands crouched against the wall at rock behind them, and looked at them shivering and shuddering and darting fear.

"I don't like to commence the first day's dread began to be dissipated, and the travelers began feeling about the ledge. They were on a very narrow and stony ledge, and the wall of rock was a huge mass on their right was a steep precipice which seemed a pit of evil.

"Jeff!"

"What, massa!"

"It looks as if we would have to pass the night here."

"Golly, massa, can't we git away?"

"I don't think we can, Jeff, and I, for one, don't wish to go."

The negro gave utterance to groan and said:

"Massa, I jist know dat dis nigga am gwine to die."

Daddy Dick, the superstitious fear of the negro, began to explore their surroundings by feeling about in the darkness. He soon made out that back of them and a little to the left was quite a space, extending into the great wall of stone.

When he had ground his way along until he was quite sure it was a safe place for them to rest, he returned to where Jeff was taking off the rabbit, prepared to make a fire, and the two soon were outside of the darkness.

But comfort for Jeff was out of the question. He could not forget that thousands of feet below a thousand pollute.

"Golly, massa, de cabin am way down!" whispered Jeff, when they had lain for some time in silence. "Jist look!"

"Well, missa, I'h shouted dis whole mounting ob rock would come tumbling upon me."

"There is no danger, Jeff," said Dick. "Come, let us have a good night's sleep, for we will have a big day's work to do on to-morrow morning."

"Ah, massa, I'se gwine to get sleep 'f 'yo' will watch de hull night, Jeff."

Daddy Dick, who had nerves of steel, but who at the same time was subject to a big long travel, soon sank into a gentle doze of slumber.

But poor Jeff lay stretched on the hard stony floor in a state of agony. His eyes were wide open, and straining to pierce into the unusual darkness.

His fertile imagination confined up a thousand fearful things, and he could hear the heavy breathing of the horses, and the breathing of Daddy Dick, but to him it was the terrible breathing of monsters, and in fact, could it have been seen, was more nearly what it had ever been before.

Suddenly his very soul seemed thrilled, and his heart stood still.

He heard strange sounds far below him, and they were like the sounds produced in the vocal cords of the earth. Sounds that seemed to issue from the very depths of pestilence were talking in awful accents as to make the blood of the negro run cold.

He did not hear all that was said. He could only catch a word now and then, but such as he did hear, was sufficient to strike deep into the soul of the negro.

"Hell and damnation!" he muttered. "Jeff, dem gwine t' become ob de debbil!"

Then he heard the voices of some of the very bowels of the earth breath him, said:

"Hold on!"

The negro held on to the great stone that was at his side, though he could not have explained the act.

That will do!" the same deep, sepulchral voice said. "Stand what do at once!" Jeff asked himself.

"You will split it—"

Only fragments of sentences could be heard.

After several minutes of what seemed ethy fatal murmuring there came the bowels of the earth, and then he heard a voice say:

"Where shall he live?"

"I don't know."

"It will do for him to pass in his checks yet."

The negro began to shudder and groaned feebly.

At that sound he could plainly hear his heart and seeing the sleeping detective, whispered:

"Massa, massa, for God's sake, wake up Boss, massa. De debil am a comin' now fob sartain."

Daddy Dick started up and rubbed his eyes.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, in a whisper.

"Debil golly boss, he took dah!"

Jeff pointed toward the opening from which there was issuing a pale, thin light.

Dick crept upon his hands and knees to the handle of his pistol.

The light, which had a superstitious gleam to the negro, and seemed to come from the depths of the earth, grew more distinct as supposed to dwell in Daddy Dick was enabled to see that it was a torch, borne by the hand of someone coming from the deep caverns below.

"Oh, golly, massa, am dey comin' dis way?" the negro asked.

"Yes."

"What we gwine ter do?"

"Why, Jeff, don't say a word. Back this way close under the rock. Perhaps they cannot see us," whispered the detective. He seized the arm of the negro and pulled him down to a position close cocking his revolver, and holding it in readiness to open fire if they should be attacked then.

The torch appeared, and then a shadowy light, which they had all along observed, became more distinct.

Suddenly a voice called:

"Hello, there!"

Daddy Dick drew back the response from a deeper portion of the canyon. He seemed to recognize, and as deep was the tones of the voices, that Jeff felt his blood running cold. He clutched the arm of Daddy Dick, and gave vent to a half-suppressed groan.

"Massa, massa, I'h sick. I'h sick. I'se about to get a clew to your master now."

"Hush, you fool!" Dick said to him.

Daddy Dick, serious as the occasion was, could not refrain from smiling at the superstitious fear of the negro.

The two men talked for a moment in low tones; the detective felt that the two men could only catch an occasional word.

"Hello, there!" he heard called.

"Yes, but we must not be gone long."

"I am going to investigate that matter."

"Perhaps I have a faint clew to your master."

"Massa Martin?"

Both their pistols rang out simultaneously.

"Yes."

"I am on de clew!"

Dick told him what he had discovered in the cave, and Jeff said:

"I feel quite certain that he is somewhere in the mountains, and we will make a search we will find him. We must not lose a moment, for I am sure he is in danger. Perhaps he is now in the hands of ob de country. I—I told ye I is a dead shot, Jeff."

Daddy Dick laughed at Jeff's earnestness in declaring that they were in no more danger here than elsewhere.

Jeff did not expect to meet some danger while searching for your master."

"Well, I suppose we will find it."

"Golly, massa!"

"Am ye gwine down dar?" asked Jeff, when the voices of the men were heard to pod in between the frowning rocks. There was a pause, and the scrawling of a horse's feet as he began to ascend the trail.

"I am a prisoned here. I am afraid they will see me," said the scrawling of a horse's feet as he began to ascend the trail.

"I am a prisoned here. I am afraid they will see me," said the scrawling of a horse well. "I am kept a prisoner and they have taken from me my knife, but I do not stay them though I should be killed. I will not be a prisoner any longer, for they will take me from here tomorrow, I am sure of it."

That was all, but it was quite enough to cause the heart of Daddy Dick to bound.

"Well, where are they going to be?" he asked. "Can you tell me that?"

"No, I do not know, but they are going and how am I to find him?"

The voices asked pointed questions. He made a careful search of the grotto, but could not find that they all had be could discover.

Then he went back upon the shelf and reached down into the canyon. The same voices had been taken, but the rope ladder had been drawn up, and he could discover only possible means of entering the shelf.

Jeff found the great stone which covered the opening, and when he had made a careful search of the ledge he returned to the rope ladder.

"Jeff, I will go about ten feet from the top, be found a loud yell from Jeff, and a voice that said:

"Who are the cussed illegal?"

Bang!

Bang!

A couple of shots filled the canyon with their echoes, and Daddy Dick looked down to the top of the ladder as rapidly as he could climb.

There a light not his gaze that struck him to the heart as if a knife was to what not.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOVER LEARNS SOMETHING.

The young detective saw two men standing over the prostrate form of the negro Jeff. At first he thought Jeff was dead, but an instant later he saw the wife raise his arm in his terrible eye, and saw his face. It was not the face of a dead man, but showed the fire green of despair.

"Jeff, you fool!" he said.

Jeff came from their grotto up here to speak with some din. That person upon their guns to count was not far from where we are at present. I believe that their game is natural with someone above here in regard to the prisoner. They have nothing of our presence until their return, and as both perished, they will not suspect that we are anywhere in the vicinity."

The stage ascent had been very trying on their horses and they were compelled to let them rest and graze in the little valley in which they had halted.

"Massa, can't we go dar?" the negro asked.

"No, Jeff, we must not tell our horses. I am sure that we can kill time where we are where we will be safe. Then again if we should go we might be discovered before we could get on for a new point."

"Golly, boss, if I was not ob dis country, I'd—I'd—I'd be a dead, sure."

"Golly, boss, if I was not ob dis country, I'd—I'd—I'd be a dead, sure."

"Don't you want to find your master, Mr. Jeff?"

"Yes."

"Do he not a kind man?"

"Yes, massa, he am de best man in de world."

"Then you will not be afraid to go with me?"

"I believe that your master is alive. I believe that you are a friend to him, and I believe that you will do all you can to find him. Now, Jeff, you must not be afraid."

"Golly, boss, I'm not afraid."

"Then you will go with me?"

"I'll follow you to de end ob de world, massa."

"Well, I am not going to take you quite so far as that, Jeff, but I will say that you are a brave fellow."

"Golly, massa, I'm not brave, but I'm not afraid."

"Jeff,

THE GREAT ARROW.

A Boy Who Climbed the Steeple of St. Paul's—It Was a Desperate Undertaking.

BY FRANK SCOTT BALLARD.

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Some years ago, in the city of Haxen, one of the largest seaport towns in England, lived a family of the name of Grenville. There was the mother and her oldest son, Jacques, a well-developed lad of 16, and Jessie, a little miss of 12, and also Ned, Jack and Betty, two chubby-cheeked baby boys.

The father had been a sailor in a vessel which sailed between Haxen and South American ports. For one day, during a violent storm at sea, he was from its anchor and bore proudly, point to point, the course of the vessel, as the mighty steeple, the pride of the town, came in sight. Then, as the vessel sailed on, it would seem to disappear, but as it came into full view again, the anxious watchers would see the steeple still there.

Finally, an hour reached the lofty cross of the little workmen on the tower and roofs with both hands free and all the force of climbing the top overhead. There was only one more perilous corner and a piece of metal kinks above him; beyond that, the cross and the weather vane. The two thousands of spectators below were breathless with excitement. Would he be allowed to keep on? Would he be forced to turn down upon them. Straightening himself for the last effort, he drew his body over the two of the iron hooks firmly, and drew up his feet. He was now on the cross. For a moment's wait, and he cautiously reached out his hand to the iron bar above him. With one spasm, then bearing the weight on it, he drew himself up and the next move he was back in safety.

The rest of the climb was the going up on the ladder. The strong arms and legs of the boy, bringing the crowds to their feet, and throwing an arm over the horizontal piece near the top, he drew himself up, and an arm encircling it, climbed the big arrow back into its socket, and then, with a wave of the last bracelet, and loud cheers from beneath, came the noise of a great shout. Then he slid back until his feet again rested on the corniee. But, also as he knew, the worst was to come, and he soon realized it.

HOW TO GET TO EARTH.

To get back to the little window top, and then through the double window, he afforded him such a safe grasp was the work of a moment. But to climb down the half of the iron hooks, drop his feet through the hole, and then to stand and sleep a little lower, and take hold of the iron bar, and then to let go with his hands and drop to the window sill below—this was another matter. Jacques Vincennes' pretty sister, and his mother and her oldest son, and a great and fate grieved little family.

But the boy had been a sailor in a storm, and had possession of him, and a little impulse made him feel that there was something better than just Jacques. He

Below a dense crowd watched his movements, fascinated by the delight of the boy's act.

watched overboard and lost, leaving the widowed mother and the boy, Jacques.

Jacques was a boy of spirit and good sense and resolution on one of the docks. Through this he had made a good living for his mother and sister, and had begun to save money to buy a little home for them, when the time should come that he could marry Jessie Vincennes, the daughter of a well-to-do sea captain, who could get aboard the vessel, and then the two boys and the baby would there show each other about as to business and business matters, and be generally entertained. At this last practice Jacques' services came in.

Jacques' prestige as the boy who climbed the steeple of St. Paul's was established by taking the two boys and the baby down from aloft. The rest was ready the first of these, and the boys were quite as cheerful as in the climb when the wind blew cold and the rain fell, and there was much jollities morning on the part of Jacques' sister and mother, and all that they would have been happy but for the absence.

JESSIE'S STORY.

The little girl, Jessie, had something she wanted to tell. She used to be with Jacques when he climbed something moving, and knew, if she could only get her mother or herself out over the sea, there would be a crowd before her mother could get a spoke and open the sweetshop, and anyone living from the house to get candy and bits of cobweb.

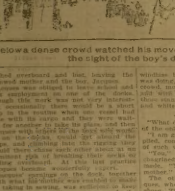
At last she had been denied that Jessie should have a bit of candy, and Jacques should have a kiss. Then Jessie made that her secret and kept it, and was very much relieved. Then great sorrow over their father's death came, and the two boys resorted all other thoughts, and the troubles grew and multiplied until all of a sudden were forgotten. But the trouble went steadily on, and the mother was at last so tired to have asked, as she could, to forget her troubles, and all of a sudden the two boys were gone.

So much his head gravely after he had made his confession, and continued to kindly as he could to the most little grown about the fact as speedily would be necessary to save her eyes. He told them that what she was, but they could only understand that Jessie would be blind for all her life if she did not have an operation and that it would be necessary for them to be very brave and patient, and have her eyes bandaged, and that the operation would probably not be less than 30 days. Then he went out to tell the poor family that depended on a boy of 15 and a mother's love for everything.

There seemed no possible way for them to raise the amount of money there was no hope they could mortgage or borrow on the little home, for it was not theirs, and the mother had no power to sell it. It was done, and the shadows darkened before the eyes of the boy, and Jessie and Jacques left her home under the sunlight and grew from her forever.

THE GREAT STORM.

But one night something happened. A great storm swept over Haxen. It came from the further contiguous bank, and the shores were strewn with the wreckage of vessels. Then, in the night, with broken gable ends and shop-keepers' signs, and the wreckage of vessels, it was seen that the steeple of St. Paul's had been struck by lightning. Not for all the world would



he have turned and looked down the dizzy height, but he knew his best and his greatest resolution and courage. He had to climb down the steeple, and he knew that he must do it.

Then on the ground now that he was in safety.

"Jessie's blind! She will all her days," someone said. Some gazed at him as he passed, and looked away. Jacques endured the sight of the boy's peril. In a moment more Jessie's head was lifted from his head was whirling and the big steeple seemed to be swaying. He put his arm to the wind, where his head touched the iron bar, and then he knew that he was safe. He had thought of Jessie's troubled face for the moment and his courage returned. Unfastening the rope, he made one more foot around the steeple, and found it was safe to go on. As the boy climbed down now. Giving the rope a strong pull to see that it was safe, he himself began, and in a moment more he had one knee on the iron bar, and was climbing down the cross to the weather vane and the ropes of the compass.

Years below, it seemed as though the boy would never make his way down, and Jessie's sister blind. It stood many minutes as though he could endure the strain no longer, and all his strength would go out. But he was helped on by nothing but his own will, and he knew that he must descend and endure a clouded sight

THE TWO MADOLINS;

OR,

A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY.

By WARD EDGERTON.

Author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Madolin covered her face with her hands and sobbed violently; but the longer she wept the more hopeless seemed her despair.

What was the use of holding out, oath-bound, and with that terrible alternative staring her in the face? Moreover, Violet had rights second only to her own.

It was not the loss of fortune and position she lamented so much as the prospect of giving up the sweetheart so deeply loved.

What would Gerald think of her if she failed to return? What did he think of her already? The misery of it all cruelly wrung her heart—well-nigh maddened her brain.

For several days she brooded hopelessly over the situation, too ill to leave her couch. Then health and strength slowly returned; but no light came back to her eye, no joy to her crushed and bleeding heart.

One day when Violet and the maid had both gone out, leaving her alone, Madolin rose from her couch and dressed herself with feverish haste.

Deep silence brooded over the house. After listening a moment at the door, she stole through the dressing room and descended the stairs, urged on by an intense longing to look again upon the old familiar surroundings.

Just back of the reception room was the octagon library, her father's favorite retreat in the happy days of long ago. Is it just as I remember it?" she asked herself, as she noiselessly turned the door knob and entered.

"Oh-h!"

The sound was echoed from behind a tall screen—three priceless panels mounted in ebony and silver—beside which she had paused.

CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL BRANDT'S PERPLEXITY.

Madolin started violently. She had thought the room deserted. She would have fled, but a voice—that of her poor, blind father—arrested her steps.

"Is it you, my child? Come hither!"

A sort of fascination drew her reluctant feet toward the spot whence the voice proceeded. Colonel Brandt was leaning wearily back in a great chair. The light streaming in at a long window brought out every feature of his face with painful distinctness. As Madolin noted its pallor, its weariness and haggard lines, she sprung forward, forgetting all save his evident suffering.

"Papa, are you unhappy? Why is it?" she cried, winding her arms about his neck.

Then, in a flash, she realized what she had done. Too late! Colonel Brandt had clasped her convulsively to him, laid his cheek caressingly against her pale, golden hair, and she was powerless to escape from that close embrace.

"God forgive me!" was the wild prayer that rose from her heart; but her lips were mute. Horror and fear almost took away her senses.

Presently her father's voice, speaking in gentler accents than she had ever heard from his lips, broke the awful spell.

"Yes, child, I will not deny it. I have been wretched all these weeks," he said, seeming to struggle with some strong feeling within. "Since you have detected my unhappiness, I am tempted to tell you the cause."

She did not utter a word.

"You will think it wholly due to my misfortune. Not so. Of course I grieve ... look upon God's grand world or see your beautiful face, my daughter. But there's a hurt that has struck deeper than that. I have fancied that you were changed, Madolin—that your affection for your father had not survived our long separation—that your loving words and caresses were forced, given from a sense of duty, and did not come from the heart."

At these words Madolin, who had remained motionless as a corpse, staring up at him in wordless horror, felt the frozen blood leap in her veins once more.

No suspicion of the daring fraud had been awakened as yet!

"Oh, papa!" was all she could say.

"Perhaps I should not have told you this," he added, slowly. "But this feeling has grown stronger than ever the past few days. It's a dreadful thing to say, but I was almost beginning to doubt and distrust my own child."

"Oh, never, never do that!"

His arms tightened about her.

"My little girl does love her poor blind father?"

"Very dearly. More than I ever realized until this moment."

"I believe you, Madolin," he said, and again there was a quiver of strong feeling in his tone. "Ah, now you are like the sweet, loving girl I left behind when I went away! Even your voice has the old familiar ring. Darling, you have seemed so changed since my return I could almost fancy a stranger had taken your place."

Madolin's forehead grew moist with perspiration. What if the father's instinct, so keenly sensitive to impressions, should reveal to him the strange truth? She dared not think what the outcome would be.

"But, no; it is my own darling I hold in these arms, and I am happy once more," he went on, smiling fondly into the startled face he could not see. "Your cold, selfish double has gone away—I trust forever. We understand each other as never before. I'm not going to make myself miserable brooding over foolish fancies any more."

Stroking her soft hair with an unsteady hand, he added:

"My misfortune has softened, humanized me. I was cold, hard, self-sufficient. I had persuaded myself that I could live without love, even that of my own child. It was a mistake. In my helplessness I feel a hungry longing for affection and sympathy. I thank God with all my heart that every doubt which thrust its ugly visage between us has been swept away."

Madolin hid her face on his breast and burst into a passion of tears. Sweet, sweet moment, for all its bitter pain! Blessed to lie in the refuge of her father's arms, feel his heart throbbing with her own, and realize how deep and true was the affection lavished upon her!

It would be doubly hard to go away and leave him now that he had laid bare the unsuspected wellspring of love bubbling in his breast.

"How happy we might have been together," she thought. "But no—heaven pity me. I must turn my back upon every hope, evry joy in life."

She run a terrible risk yielding to the temptation that held her like an invisible chain, in those loving arms. Someone might come at any moment and find her there; an unguarded word or tone might arouse suspicions that could not be allayed.

Several times she saw her father start and knit his brows; felt his clasp tighten convulsively; and her heart would stand still.

At length he said, with a forced laugh:

"Fancy plays strange freaks. But for the absurdity of the thought I should believe some transformation had actually taken place. Is the difference wholly in myself, I wonder?"

"Do not perplex yourself over such things, dear papa," she replied, alarmed at his persistency, "but wring every drop of bliss from the fleeting moments."

They were all too brief. Soon a soft, rustling sound sent every drop of blood to her heart. She had barely time to make her escape before Violet Wayne entered the library.

Startled by the suddenness of Madolin's withdrawal the blind man stretched out his arms, crying sharply:

"My child, where are you?"

Little dreaming who had been there, Violet drew nearer and pressed a kiss upon his forehead.

"What is it, dear papa?"

His keen ear detected a shade of difference in the two voices—as though what he had called Madolin's "double" had come back again.

For a moment he sat breathless and motionless, then a frightful convulsion distorted his face.

"Woman, who are you?" he sternly demanded. "What jugglery is this?"

"Jugglery, papa?"

"You are not Madolin! Not the girl I held in these arms a moment ago!"

The room swam around Violet. She felt herself turn faint and sick as a suspicion of the truth flashed into her mind. But, struggling for composure, she said:

"What do you mean, papa? Of course I am Madolin. No one else has been here."

The grasp he had fastened upon her arm tightened for an instant, then he flung her violently from him.

"You lie!" he fairly shouted. "It's a trick! Madolin was plainly dressed—not in silks and laces! You are not she. What daring imposture is this? Why do you seek to foist yourself upon me as my child? Why? Why?"

An awful look crept over Violet's hueless face, but she did not wholly lose her presence of mind.

"Dear papa, calm yourself," she said. "You are not yourself—you would not say such cruel things in your right mind. They grieve and hurt me."

"Are you Madolin?"

"Do you doubt it? Here is the handbell. Ring; summon the household; question everybody; convince yourself."

"Not one of the faithful old servants is now in my employ."

"The fact is, you have been dreaming."

"Would that I might dream on forever," Colonel Brandt muttered, sinking back in his chair with a heavy sigh.

Violet tried by every art of which she was mistress to dispel his vague suspicions, but she did not succeed in driving the look of troubled perplexity from his face. He shrank from her caresses and seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Strange—strange!" she heard him mutter. "What madness is this? If a delusion, would to God I might never awake to the dread reality!"

Even while Violet's lips uttered gentle, reassuring words, her eyes dwelt on him with a lurid look.

"He hates me—hates my mother's daughter!" she thought, bitterly. "What does Madolin mean by running such risks? She will betray me unless I take measures to prevent it."

Meanwhile Madolin was back again in the room of her enforced seclusion.

A wild turmoil filled her brain. She trembled in every fiber of her body, overcome by nervous excitement and the horror of her strange situation. Now that she realized how deeply her father loved her, she could scarcely control the impulse to return to his side.

"Oh, I must be strong—I must resent the promptings of my heart!" she cried, aloud. "I am bound! bound! bound! I dare not purchase happiness at the expense of a broken oath."

Suddenly she sprang up and paced the room in agony.

Her thoughts had turned upon Gerald Heathcote. Of course he was ... anxiously awaiting her return. What could she say to them—what could she do, now that the death-blow had been struck to her sweetest hopes?

"My God, is there no way out of this misery?" she moaned, weeping and wringing her hands. "Must I hide like a criminal from those I love—leave them to think the very worst of me?"

When Violet entered, a long time afterward, Madolin lay on the couch with her face to the wall. Violet looked at her askance, but went out again without saying a word. This time she turned the key in the lock.

Late that night, as Madolin sat alone, she saw a man enter the grounds and approach the house, stealing cautiously along in the shadow as though fearful of being observed.

For several moments she lost sight of him altogether; then there was a muffled step on the balcony under the open window, and he stood staring in at her over the low sill.

CHAPTER X.

MADOLIN'S STRANGE VISITOR.

The gas was turned low—only the vague outlines of Madolin's figure were visible. As the intruder saw her a pleased ejaculation broke from his lips.

"Blessed if I don't believe you expected me tonight, and were on the watch!"

It was an unfamiliar voice. As its owner vaulted over the sill, Madolin shrank back step by step until the wall stopped her. There was a moment of wild uncertainty whether she should scream for help, and thus betray her presence there to all in the house, or courageously face the unwelcome visitor.

The gas jet was within reach, and with a sudden movement she turned it on full head, flooding the room with light.

An ejaculation of astonishment broke from the man's lips as the lovely, shrinking girl stood fully revealed to his startled gaze.

"Lord! it isn't Madolin!"

He was a handsome man, dark, with a splendid physique and a dare-devil air that set jauntily upon him. Even at first sight Madolin was struck by something vaguely familiar in his appearance. Where had she seen him before?

There was a dead silence for several moments as they gazed fixedly at each other; then Madolin said with a calmness she was far from feeling:

"Yes, I am Madolin Brandt. But I fail to see what possible interest that fact has for you. Neither can I imagine what brings you here. Go—go immediately—or I will alarm the house."

He did not even hear the threat. At her first words he had given a violent start, then stood rooted to the spot like a man utterly dazed.

"You—Madolin Brandt? You?"

"That is my name."

He passed a shaking hand over his forehead, and, glaring like a basilisk, broke out, with sudden violence:

"Then an imposter has been masking under your name! Who is she? What does it all mean? Speak! Tell me instantly!"

His words, and the fierce energy with which they were spoken, recalled Madolin to her senses. A look of terror and dismay swept over her hueless face. Had she unwittingly betrayed all?

"Explain this mystery! If a trick has been played upon me—" he began in a threatening tone, then suddenly choked and stopped.

Madolin was appalled by the wild fury of his expression.

"I have no explanation to give," she said, haughtily. "Be good enough to relieve me of your presence."

"Not until I know the real truth."

He approached a step nearer. How like a madman he looked! A sickening horror crept over her—a dread she dared not speak aloud.

"Do you realize your situation?" she said, stretching her hand toward the bellrope. "If I sound a warning you will certainly be taken in charge as a thief."

"Ring—and stir up a hornet's nest about your own ears."

"What do you mean?"

He laughed scornfully.

"O, I remember you now. Just at first I could not recall where I had seen you before. You were on the train with her—with the other Madolin Brandt!"

The truth flashed instantly upon Madolin's mind. The man before her was the stranger whose bold admiration had annoyed her on that memorable journey to Mrs. Wayne's deathbed.

The discovery awakened a wild turmoil in her brain. Before she could frame a reply he had turned swiftly to the door. A moment's inspection showed him that it was locked—on the outside!

"Ah, I suspected as much! You are as little desirous as I am of arousing the house. Otherwise you would not stand passive there."

Seating himself opposite the trembling girl, he steadily regarded her in silence for several minutes, outwardly calm, but with darkly glittering eyes.

"Now, I mean to get at the bottom of this," he said. "I find you locked into this room. At first you declared yourself to be Madolin Brandt. You don't look like a woman who would tell a deliberate falsehood. Is that your name?"

"It can make no difference—to you."

"You are wrong. It makes all the difference in the world. Answer."

She only compressed her lips.

"You may as well tell me. I can find out what I want to know from one who dares not refuse to speak."

Still she stood like a figure of stone.

Colonel Brandt came back from South America blind, broken, prematurely old. His daughter was here to welcome him—or was it an imposter who had everything to gain by assuming that role? Until this moment I never thought to question her right to the position she holds." A sudden quaver came into his voice. "Now I suspect that a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated—a fraud to which, for some secret reason, you were forced to assent. Is it so? Of the two young ladies on the train that day one was Violet Wayne, the other Madolin Brandt. Which are you?"

He breathlessly awaited the response; none came. Madolin had staggered back, both hands flattened against the wall to keep herself from falling.

Suddenly a key clicked in the lock. The door swung open, and looking up she beheld her half-sister.

She uttered a moan of despair, but was drowned by the terrified cry that broke from Violet's livid lips.

"Jack Dawson!"

Pale as death and motionless as a statue, Violet stared at the man sitting there, incredulity and terror mingled in her gaze.

"Jack Dawson!"

Again she uttered that name, not knowing what she said. The unexpected sight had left her incapable of thought or action. Her lips fell apart and the veins swelled suddenly on her forehead and hands.

For a long moment the man looked at her like a tiger crouching for a deadly leap; he laughed low and mockingly at last.

"Yes, Jack Dawson! It is a surprise, then? I am back sooner than you expected. I saw a light in the window, and flattered myself it was put there for me, but I was mistaken, it seems."

She answered nothing—only shuddered from head to foot, as if struck with a mortal chill.

Rising, the man drew nearer the trembling creature, still regarding her with that strange, fixed look.

"Now that I am here," he said quietly, but with an evil gleam in his eye, "I would like to be set right regarding a strange question that has suddenly arisen."

"What question?" Violet breathed, hoarsely, finding her voice at last.

"Which of you two is the real Madolin Brandt?"

"What are you talking about. You must be mad."

"Not so mad as I was three months ago. But we waste words. This young lady," with a gesture in Madolin's direction, "answered to the name at first. Now she seems disposed to repudiate it. Naturally, I feel curious, puzzled. You can set me right with a word. Kindly do so."

Violet had rallied from her momentary weakness. The very horror of the situation helped to render her calm. She knew the handsome scoundrel as very few persons knew him. Underneath a veneer of suavity was a tiger-like cruelty and vindictiveness that well might make one fear to incur his enmity or fall into his clutches.

"... is an insult," she exclaimed. "How dare you entertain it—give it expression?"

"Which of you two is the real Madolin Brandt?" he repeated, as if she had not spoken.

"On what ground do you presume to make the inquiry? Have you not known me for months as the reputed mistress of Lyndhurst?"

"Reputed—yes," he said with a sneer. "But how do I know you have not been playing a part? In his blindness Colonel Brandt could be easily duped, deceived. Your face, your manner convince me there is something wrong. I swear," a sudden flash of fury darting from his eyes, "you are an imposter!"

Violet reeled as if he had struck her. But in a second her cue was taken.

The noble soul who had already sacrificed so much must save her once again!

"Violet," she cried, turning with a look of terror and appeal to Madolin, who still cowered pale and trembling against the wall, "don't let him say such cruel things! There is more at stake than you dream. He will kill me if he thinks anything so vile of me. You can set him right—he will believe you. Tell him I have a right to be here—that Colonel Brandt is my father! Tell him! tell him! Swear it by your hope of heaven!"

She flung herself forward on her knees, fairly groveling at Madolin's feet.

The poor girl shut her eyes in blind anguish; but she had taken a solemn oath.

"I do swear—by all I hold sacred," she said impressively.

CHAPTER XI.

ANOTHER SECRET TO KEEP.

Jack Dawson stared, dumbfounded from one to the other.

Madolin's words seemed to shatter with one blow the fabric of doubt and suspicion that had suddenly arisen in his mind.

"Since you assure me that yonder creature is Colonel Brandt's daughter, it must be so," he said slowly, with a bewildering air. "But why did you answer in the first place to the name of Madolin Brandt?"

Madolin wrung her hands convulsively, but made no response.

"Why was it?"

"The explanation is simple," cried Violet, starting to her feet and standing midway between the two. "My friend was dreadfully frightened—and no wonder—you burst in upon her so unceremoniously at this hour of the night. She hardly knew what she was saying."

"I want you to repeat the assertion," Lawson said to Madolin, as if he had not heard Violet's words. "There must be no mistake in regard to the matter. This girl has spoken truly?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" came the shuddering response.

"It is well—for her!" A look came into his eyes which his enemies knew and feared. He half turned on his heel, and stood irresolute. Violet, who guessed all that was passing in his thoughts, grasped his arm desperately.

"Jack, come away," she pleaded. "This is no place for you. Some one might find you here. Jack, dear Jack, for pity's sake, listen to me. I have so much to say to you—we have been parted so long! Do come!"

She drew him toward the door of her boudoir. All the terror and intensity had gone out of her face, leaving only the sweet, coaxing childishness which was one of her greatest charms.

Every fibre of the man's body thrilled under her look and touch. His countenance relaxed—he went without a word.

As the door closed upon them, Madolin felt blindly about for support and sank into a chair.

The pair did not linger in the next room, but by some route known to Violet, slipped noiselessly down into the garden.

For a full hour the sound of their muffled voices came to Madolin's ears from below; Violet's always coaxingly sweet, Lawson's rising at times in sudden passion, then sinking into low, caressing tones.

Sitting there, ever and anon, the poor girl would cry out in bitter anguish, and clasp her hands to her temples, which were fairly bursting with pain.

"O, merciful God! What will be the end?"

The clocks were striking 11 when Jack Lawson tore himself away from Violet's clinging embraces and plunged into the shrubbery.

He had not gone a dozen steps before he wheeled round sharply and stopped. The great stone house loomed massively against the star-studded sky. The windows of Madolin's room were all agleam with light. As he looked up a frown wrinkled his brows. Away from Violet's seductive presence, the old doubts and suspicions returned with redoubled force.

"Have I been duped, deceived?" he muttered. "Was Madolin playing a part? The little witch is capable of it. Never was she so seductively sweet. She is hiding something that concerns the girl she calls Violet Wayne! Which is the real Violet—which Madolin? Strange how the doubt haunts me still! Is it possible that—no, no, no! And yet how frightened they both appeared. Such substitutions have been made. They look alike! By Jove!" striking his clenched hands together, "there's more in this than appears on the surface! It will bear investigating. Other people can be deceived with impunity; it would not be safe to trifle with me!"

When he moved thoughtfully on again his face wore a dark and sullen look.

Meanwhile Violet had gone back to the room where Madolin still sat in a stupor of grief and horror.

"O, Violet, Violet!" the half-crazed girl cried out, hoarsely, as her half-sister entered.

Violet sank slowly down at the other's feet, and leaned heavily against her, as if her strength had suddenly failed.

There was a dead silence for several moments, while both struggled with conflicting emotions; then Violet said, huskily:

"God bless you Madolin! Good, true noble soul! You are a thousand times better to me than I deserve. Murder would have been done if you had denounced me to that man."

"O, Violet!" broke once again from the other's pallid lips.

"Let me tell you all. It isn't much of a story, and what there is of it reflects little credit on myself, but you will have to know it now. The first time I saw Jack Lawson was on the train that was taking me to my dying mother. Don't you remember that I called your attention to him at the time?

"What first attracted me was his handsome face. I was a silly schoolgirl, ignorant of the world, unable to see below the surface. His splendid manly beauty made him appear to me a very god.

"The day following my arrival at Lyndhurst I encountered him in the grounds. The fact that he had followed me here pleased and flattered me. For weeks we met secretly every day. He swore that he adored me—played the ardent lover so admirably, made me so mad for him I would have given up everything for his sake, save the wealth and position so dear to my heart."

"Is it possible you love that wretch?"

Violet's lip took a scornful curve.

"I have spoken in the past tense, please

"Have you not known me for months as the reputed mistress of Lyndhurst?"

take notice. When Jack Lawson threw off the mask and revealed his real character my infatuation died a sudden death. I hated and despised him so utterly I longed to sweep him like a viper from my path. But I was forced to hide my real feelings, to dissimulate."

"Why do you fear him, since it was only a foolish flirtation?"

"Why?" Violet's face flushed crimson, and she covered it with both hands for an instant. "You wouldn't ask that if you knew the man as I know him. He is cruel, reckless, vindictive. He would stop at nothing to accomplish my utter ruin. When we had been meeting each other secretly for weeks, he told me something I had never suspected. His father and mine were bitter enemies! They hated each other with a relentless hatred. He promised his father on the latter's death bed to pay off the old grudge. He frankly acknowledged that that was what first brought him to Lyndhurst. But he fell in love with me in spite of himself. And because he loved he proposed keeping our attachment a profound secret until he could appear in a new role that would hide his real identity from my father. The fool actually believes I will let him come here and live!"

She ended with a mocking laugh that sent a shudder through Madolin's veins.

"You must break with him instantly," she exclaimed.

"I cannot—dare not!" Violet moaned, her manner changing all at once, a deadly fever convulsing her face.

"Dare not! Why? You have simply to go to papa with the truth. He will forgive you."

"Too late! Too late!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm in that devil's power. He suspects something. I know him. He will never rest until he gets at the real truth. Then, unless I tamely submit, he will denounce, expose me."

With a long shuddering breath Violet flung herself prostrate and caught Madolin's dress in a convulsive grasp.

"You can save me! You—you! Remember your promise to shield me at any cost! Keep it—you must keep it, however sorely you may be tempted. Jack will seek to force the truth from your lips. Don't let him do it, unless you mean to kill me. It is your sister pleading at your feet. Don't turn a deaf ear to my prayer. Deny everything! You will save me, Madolin, you will?"

"Get up," said Madolin hoarsely, her face pallid as death. Mechanically she pushed the damp hair off her temples, with two trembling hands. "You have nothing to fear from me. Only tell me what to do."

A flash of exultation shot from Violet's eyes. It was wonderful how quickly the storm of passionate excitement had subsided.

"I knew you would keep the oath sworn to the dead. Only stand by me, Madolin, and Jack Lawson may do his worst. But yours will be no easy role to play. He has the craft and cunning of Lucifer. The race is only begun; but if I can count upon your aid, victory will yet be mine."

A half hour later Violet was mocking her own reflection in the broad mirror covering nearly one side of her sumptuous boudoir.

"Silly little fool! You would be Mrs. Jack Lawson, only you have grown so very wise! Never now—never!"

Her lips were compressed, her fingers so tightly clinched the rosy nails cut deep into the palms.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE PRODIGAL WAS BROUGHT BACK.

Kind reader, let us now transport ourselves, with the rapidity of thought, to a different scene.

Alone in the private parlor of an uptown hotel sits Gerald Heathcote with knitted brows.

Weeks have elapsed since Madolin left him to go on that mysterious journey, and nothing has been heard of her in all that time.

The strain of suspense had told on him. He is haggard and pale, with hollows under his eyes that betoken anxious days and sleepless nights.

What was the explanation of his betrothed's long absence and strange silence?

Many times had he asked himself this question, perplexedly recalling all that had occurred during those last blissful hours; but there was nothing upon which to found a reasonable theory.

Mrs. Somerset, with whom he frequently discussed the situation was as deeply mystified as himself.

What could have prevented the missing girl from keeping her promise to return or send for them?

"O, why did I let her go away alone?" Gerald cried, starting up suddenly to pace the floor like a madman. "Harm has befallen her. She would not willingly leave me in such uncertainty."

Only pride and sensitiveness prevented him from calling upon the police to institute a search.

Poor fellow! he realized now how little he really knew of his betrothed. Nothing of her family—who were her friends or where she lived! His passionate love for her so filled his heart he had felt little curiosity regarding such matters.

Now the very thought of the astounding ignorance that hampered his every effort made him writhe.

Had not Mrs. Somerset declared that the girl was hiding something? Was it a disgraceful secret? Ah—me! Why, then, had she been so reticent?

Suddenly his lips twitched; an awful groan burst from them.

"My God! has my darling found out that she never truly loved me? Is that the explanation of her silence? Does she dread to wound me by confessing the truth? No, no, no. It were death to believe it. There is some mystery that time alone can reveal."

Presently a servant appeared to announce that a visitor had called to see him.

It was the elder Heathcote, a proud, aristocratic looking man with prosperity written all over his portly figure.

Gerald pushed forward a chair, making a desperate effort to pull himself together.

"Your business must be important, father, to bring you out such a night," he said pretending to listen to the howling of the storm—for rain was falling, the wind blowing dismally without.

"It is the same errand on which I have come several times before—to remonstrate with my boy for abiding at a hotel instead of returning to his father's house. Gerald, why is it?"

"An idle caprice—"

"I know better. You have a reason."

"None that I care to reveal."

He could not tell his father that he believed news of his betrothed, if any came, would more quickly reach him there.

Damon Heathcote keenly regarded his unhappy son.

"If you are determined to keep aloof, so be it," he said brusquely. "But there is another matter regarding which we must come to an understanding now that I am here. I want to know when you will meet the young lady who is to become your wife?"

Gerald turned pale.

"Whom do you mean?" he cried in a startled voice.

"Who?" retorted the angry aristocrat. "Madolin Brandt, of course. How could the remark apply to anybody else? You and I entered into an agreement before you went abroad. If I refrained from pressing the matter at the time, you were to make Madolin's acquaintance on your return. Are you ready to redeem your promise?"

"There is plenty of time. I see no occasion for haste," Gerald answered, wearily.

"I do. You have now been back several weeks. In all that time you have never made a single inquiry regarding the lady nor manifested the lightest interest in my plans for your future. Such indifference is unbearable," cried the angry father, his voice growing louder and more excited.

"It would have been better to let me plan for myself."

"Luckily I did not. You are just the sort of person to make a mess of everything. But I have put it out of your power. The compact made with Colonel Brandt eighteen years ago must be kept. He is impatient for us to pay the promised visit. I heard from him again today. He invites us to come at once."

"Father, I cannot go for any such purpose."

"You—cannot—go!" Mr. Heathcote gasped, his face purple with rage. "In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

Gerald's first impulse was to confess everything. He would have done so but for the mystery enshrouding the fate of the woman he madly loved. To speak of her under the circumstances would only serve to prejudice his father against her.

"I mean this," he answered in a low, resolute tone, "that I refuse to be bound by a covenant entered into without my knowledge or consent."

"You will sacrifice half your fortune rather than make Madoline Brandt your wife?"

"Yes—the whole of it."

Alas, why did not some pitying angel whisper the truth in his ear, that Madolin Brandt—not Violet Wayne—was the real name of the girl he loved?

"Then you are no son of mine!" declared the enraged father, white to the lips. "Refuse to do my bidding, to make the daughter of my life-long friend your wife, and I disown, disinherit you!"

Gerald's brain reeled and his thoughts grew misty. Before he found words in which to reply there came another knock at the door. As he opened it, one of the hotel employes handed him a letter.

A great trembling seized him as he gazed at the superscription. He instantly recognized the handwriting of his beautiful betrothed.

News of the missing girl at last! Better still, she had written to him.

He stood so long like a man of stone, staring with protruding eyeballs at the letter, that Mr. Heathcote forgot for a moment his bitter rage and disappointment.

"Gerald, what is it? Bad news?"

The young started violently.

"Wait here," he said, hurrying toward his dressing room. "I may have something to tell you presently."

He shut himself in alone, but it was several moments before he could force himself to open the letter. The thought that it brought weal and woe completely unmanned him.

At last the mists cleared, he slowly mastered the contents of the note. It was very brief, and read as follows:

"Gerald—Our engagement was a mistake. I cannot marry you. We may never meet again. Forget me—as I shall try to forget you."

(To be continued next week.)

Strictly Prosaic.

"Yes," said the man, with a large, protruding mustache, "I was out west in the early fifties."

"Oh," said the girl, with a little shriek of delight, "then you know something about mining?"

"Not a great deal."

"Oh, I know how shy men like you are, when it comes to talking about yourselves. Now, I want you to tell me about the Klondike. I've been reading so many descriptions of it and I am just crazy to go there."

"You mean you would be."

"I would be what?"

"Crazy to go there."

Her indignant expression brought a blush to his bronzed countenance.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "but I got in the habit of saying things in the quickest way and I don't always mean 'em exactly as they sound."

"You made your pile at the mines, didn't you?" she inquired, and hastily added: "That is the way they say it, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss, I made my pile, such as it is, at the mines."

"I wish you would tell me just what you did when you got there. Start at the very beginning. The very first thing was to stake a claim, wasn't it?"

"Not exactly. I'll never forget how hungry I was for fresh meat. The first thing I did was to hunt an eating house and claim a steak, and after that I set up a sawmill, and that's what I've stuck to ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are away below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Transport and Transportation.

The Klondiker—I love you.

The Klondikess—I guess you love me because you love my dogs.—Indianapolis Journal.

Any boy or girl can earn a watch in a few hours if they accept the grand offer of our friends, the Sawyer Crystal Blue Co., whose ad. appears on page 3.

It is an interesting fact that the cent was first proposed by Robert Morris and named by Thomas Jefferson.

Women Made Beautiful

By Vestro. It will develop the bust six inches, adds grace and beauty to the neck. It is harmless and never fails. It will add charm and attraction to any woman. Send 2c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials, sealed. Aurum Medicine Co., Dept. H-A, 55 State St., Chicago.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the O. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 151 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Powdered rice is said to be of great efficacy in checking bleeding from cuts and bruises.

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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent, self-seller. Pease Mfg. Co., Station U Cincinnati, O.

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SALESMEN for cigars; $125 a month and expenses; old firm; experience unnecessary; inducements to customers. C. C. BISHOP & CO., St. Louis

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$15 TO $35 A WEEK ...

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RESIDENT SALESAGENTS ...

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30 lbs. SUGAR GRANULATED $1.00 ... CONSOLIDATED WHOLESALE SUPPLY Co. ... Chicago, Ill.

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WANTED RELIABLE MEN ... $65.00 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES ... THE CLOBE MEDICAL ELECTRIC CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

This Cut is 1-2 Actual Size of Watch and Chain.

Watch and Chain FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of BLUINE at 10c. each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Beveled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to keep Accurate Time, and with proper care should last Ten Years.

BLUINE CO., BOX ... CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

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AGENTS WANTED

$5 1898 BICYCLE $5 ... We Sell Outright ... GUARANTEED BICYCLES ... SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.

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SOLD! UNDER A Positive Guarantee

to wash as clean as can be done on the washboard, even to the wristbands and collar of the dirtiest shirt, and with much more ease. This applies to Terriff's Perfect Washer, which will be sent on trial at wholesale price. If not satisfactory, money will be refunded. Agents wanted. For exclusive territory, terms and prices, write Portland Mfg. Co., Box 8, Portland, Mich.

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$10 CASH paid per 1000 for used stamps ...

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COLINETTA.

Colinette she had for name,
In a summer of my prime,
For the flowers were all mine,
To her mirage bore I come,
Ere the rose had left the bud,
Ere a violet it was shed,
And she died in February,
Lovelier.

Up and down a leafy chase
Where the fern-fronds fall and fade,
How I wooed to the fair!
How she panted in the race!
Fain was I to be overthrown,
Fain was she to be overthrown,
Fain was she to be overthrown
Under the leaves of her song.

Like a fountain
That at length we met to part,
Sat with hands clasped close between,
Love (I knew it not for love)
Thrilling all my heart's recess.
"Tell another year," said I,
As I took her cold hand to kiss,
"Tell another summer."

Oh, the misery, the grief,
The sharp misery, that I felt,
Not the sun will warm upwell
Whosoever its mere's bill,
Many a wrinkling young cousins
Shall not see her shadow,
Dear Alice Reed and blue
Little Colinette.
—From the Unknown French Poet.

CONFIDANTE.

Just Another Instance Where Cupid Came Unbidden and Came to Stay.

"It is dangerous to play at make-believe love," said Walden, speaking through a cloud of smoke, "for you never know but the world—and Miss Aubrey—may take you there myself, or I know." It is like holding a fighting dog—you think you have a grip on him without risk, and drop it just when you please, but you have to be mighty quick, and it burns your fingers."

Miss Aubrey tossed her own small pink finger tips gravely, as though the smart were still there.

"I will tell you—but you must promise," said Mrs. Aubrey. "But," she continued, impressively, "it must be a secret—you must keep it a secret.

We, the two sacred women friends, swore eternal secrecy.

"I have my own-born my own son," she began, proudly, "as young men go in this day, I think, I cannot help thinking, that even the anointed and chosen of the Lord, when they are unable to listen for long to the sonorous strains of music must find some use for other women without hearing an almost irresistible desire to turn their eyes upon persons in their own direction. I say deliberately, unconsciously, and without any impropriety of conduct. I think that the temptation in the face, and—pass by on the other side."

She paused, either to give weight to her argument or to let the rain have its own way until the two not, however, either to or from the church on the hill.

She started with a little cry, and looked on one hand, looked away into space.

"I do not know, dear," she continued, she resumed, "why it should not be pardonable, and even praiseworthy, that we should prevent the life of emotion to her own advantage. The man is without a heart who has an unselfishness in the presence of one of the opposite sex, and a coldblood, or demand sympathy. In that case, I think, if the heart is unchecked, would only whirl him on to the unconscious scene in search of the object of a good Samaritan is to dare, or at least favor. The final result is in the hands of God. There was an introductory tone in her voice as she came to a full stop, as if she were to demand some recognition from her elderly companion.

"Supposing," said the other at last, "that false remark was necessary, or we should never survive at the end of it. The woman herself strikes on the same rock? Does not that leave her still on the rock, thing somewhat?"

"I have explained Mrs. Aubrey, with no little impatience, "that the thing might be done with no more wickedness than severe study and practice. I am not responsible for all almost conventional shut and proper ways of the world, and I am not going to be responsible for the sinful and pernicious results produced in the doing."

"Possibly the world would," said Mrs. Aubrey. "In these affairs the person who has the least knowledge is usually the last to the winner. I dare say, sorry, you would have not good for the world, but very sharply."

"Very sharp," we both of us thought and said.

"Don't be too sure," she said. "I want to tell you the history of Aubrey."

We settled down and she began.

"Dr. and Mrs. Aubrey, you know, a man who need to come to my tea parties and occasionally to dinner. He was one of a small family of children, each looking if he could be the most unlike the other. He showed clever if he had cared to put himself to the trouble. He was a scholar, and who had a tall, strong figure suited by a head, which, when he was in the mood, became too massive, whose clothes were always carelessly put on, and whose hair was always untidy.

She broke off, more to take breath than in expectation of an answer, for we spoke nearly with one the time.

"Why, you did not of us, smiling," we remember his quite well. That was—"

"Never mind—I am not going to tell you all family affairs," Mrs. Aubrey interrupted, with a little plain temper.

"After college I had lately reading a novel at home, though I was due at two afternoon calls and a dinner. I was sitting what shown in on my solitude. I was so deeply interested in the story that I could not think and sympathize with the characters. I was so absorbed that I had returned to my own life and to the world. I was not aware that I had heard a series of such prolonged ejaculations, and that they were addressed to me, before he came to him twice, I felt there was a hand on my shoulder, and I looked up to him, and began for the first time to observe him. He was standing over me, with his head thrown back, and his arms folded, in the attitude of a murderer or a prophet. Then, as my consciousness of his presence returned to me, he began to speak to me. I felt as though I were in a dream, and I could not distinguish the sense of his words. I only heard the tones of his voice.

"At first he was very tender, and I felt some difficulty in overcoming his extreme gentleness of manner. I was very much surprised at it, and very much touched.

"This was quite interesting; I had not thought him capable of it.

"Do you understand me?" I answered.

"Do you understand me?" he said.

"He fixed his eyes on me with a dreamy stare, and I felt that I was growing pale. He was gazing on the features of the boy before me.

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world," he said, "and she is the most wicked.

"I tried to feel sympathetic, though the thought crossed me that I could not find the beauty in those goodness, to a great extent a question of taste, but I was not without an effort that I smiled encouragingly.

"Yes?" I said. What sort of a case has it?

"I must confess that there was a slight touch of irritation in something, for that is the way with which I hear of the case.

"Stop—stop!" she shouted, he quoted, enchanted at his own flagrant euphemism, "I will tell you all about it. I will tell you all about it."

Briefly, he had an acknowledged intimacy

way of disturbing the phases of his domestic life. He was married, however, as it the eyes and lips are under discussion, was my own.

She was drawn with in her little finger," he said, illogically, than half the clever people in the world have in their books. She is much too good for me, Mrs. Aubrey, that is the truth; I could never hope to win her. The idea is absurd."

"Then why did you decide?" I asked.

"Oh, not to win her, of course for her," he replied. "I should not dare to tell her. She would probably refuse to see me ever again if I did."

"That would be very hard-hearted," I cried. "She can't be also if she is like you describe."

"She is adorable," he said. "Whatever she does, or whatever she leaves undone, she is fascinating, bewitching, irresistible."

He pressed my hand quite gratefully, and I felt that I had really done a kind thing in winning his confidence.

"Do you see anything in the sign of the ardent love that is consuming me?" I asked, with a little laugh.

"Never," he said, at last, "that way could I do so, dear Mrs. Aubrey, without offending you."

"Well," I answered, 'you might say—Mr.—Mr.—Aubrey, what is her name?"

Her name? He looked fixedly at me for a second, and then he said, in a voice of deep agitation, that I was not sorry to remember that my new white satin dress, with its touch of turquoise trimming, was distinctly one of the most becoming I had ever had.

"Her name is Stella," he said, at last.

"Stella!" cried Mrs. Aubrey. "I have promised to marry George Armstrong."

"Stella Armstrong!"

DEBORAH BEALS'S SECRET.

BY MARION P. GIBBS.

Deborah Beal had a secret which she guarded with the utmost care. She was by the very air of Connecticut hospitality which the natives breathe from their birth inherited, lingered in the evening vines of Deborah's porch, in the fragrant blossoms of the wild clematis, and breathed from the very depths of the cool, sweet-smelling interior of the house. Although it could be through the open windows, across the dusty road, to the low figure on the opposite doorstep, a man of perhaps forty summers, who sat there day after day over a book of age read that marvelous

Deborah Beal was one who dare not strike for their life, so much as to whisper about it, and yet she had kept for after a silence of more than half a century. Deborah Beal had a secret!

She married how, just fifteen years ago, he, John Hastings, had brought a letter from his mother to Deborah. It was a letter from his mother to Deborah. He had asked the privilege of calling upon her, and she had received him with the utmost cordiality.

The cotton-sacred pinnacle of an ecstatic days, but for this slight misunderstanding, he had been prepared for love at first sight of Wilder Farm. Then but subsequent acquaintance with the fair Deborah, whose every movement was beautiful, and the rays of the sun filled the west plains, he had found that he could not help it since which she sat every afternoon, busy with her needlework.

The Plymouth Rocks were running about in the yard, and the cat was sleeping upon the window sill. It was a peaceful scene, and Deborah Beals, the dusky were still-like, and the sun was slowly sinking in the west. What did he care about the hens and the cat? He was in love with Deborah Beals, a mystery if ever there was one.

He was not to go up the path, dazzling with the sunlight, and Deborah Beals looked up and welcomed him.

"Mother is very much interested, that dashed Deborah," he said, "in the history of the Wilder family, and I thought I would call and see if you could help me out a little. Have you any old letters or papers that would throw any light upon the subject?"

He answered that the thing might be done with no more wickedness than severe study and practice. I am not responsible for all almost conventional shut and proper ways of the world, and I am not going to be responsible for the sinful and pernicious results produced in the doing."

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THE LAND OF "PRETTY SCON."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve;
It is built with the mansions we meant to have planned,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The air is heavy with perfume
From the roses we might have had,
And many a coveted boon
For which we sighed in vain.

The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are many kinds of seedlife fame
That flourish in the soil,
And many a lofty aim
Drooped, with mold and rust,
Because we paused to serve us near,
To further or help a friend,
Though our services is fair, yet we never get
To the land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that sterile land
Is paved with good intentions,
And the steps that have called for its shining sand
Bear skeletons on their backs.
Their skeletons on their backs, and
Their shadows on their faces,
Where they turn their eyes
And see the spot they left so long ago,
And cannot reach it again.

The land of "Pretty Soon."

The fields are full of beautiful fame
And the prizes are lying near,
And the golden hours fallen now in the crimson
Of the past are calling us still,
And with one sky upward glance Deborah
Beals would be gone.

I suppose that it was the sudden illness of mother's illness, and afterward of mother's death, that prevented Aubrey's most brain fever, the doctor thought, and I think myself, that it was owing to it that the height of illness, but I wrote to a friend of mine in Boston, who was one of the never imagined that the sweet little you as a nurse, and who was also a remarkable. The letter you have seen, and I suppose you have seen the picture of a preparation to insure these short days of the summer. Then, one day the boy had been banished, a rapid growth, and the doctor said that there was no further dimination coils still clutched to Deborah's heart, and Deborah Beals's last secret.

"Yes," he answered, gravely, "Deborah Beals's secret—and she has been a true friend to me."

"Deborah-a-dair!" came clear and shrill from the wire netting.

"And Deborah Beals said, "How that sounds like Mary!"

The Professor in the case pursues Hood's Sarsaparilla more conscientiously, probably, than any other man in the world. Because he knows that it cures when all else fails.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, 25 cents. All druggists.

Suitors Which Last.

Many skillet powders last far longer if one of our grandmothers are excellent and cannot be surpassed. Some of the powders followed will be found to be most successful. Two pounds of flour, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, and six teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the dry ingredients of the flour, and rub in the butter; add the milk, and beat well. Bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven. Do not grease the pans, but put a little lard in each cup before putting in the batter. Fill the cups half full. Bake twenty minutes.

Another: Two cups of flour, two cups of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift the flour and salt together, add the milk, and beat well. Add the eggs, beaten separately, and bake in hot gem pans in a hot oven